

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense.  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cooper*.

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## Say Not.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

## Mercy.

Yes, any act of mercy, even to the humblest and lowliest of God's creatures, is an act that brings us near to God. Although "the mercy of God," as the Psalmist says, "reaches to the heavens, although His judgments are like the great deep," yet still, as the Psalmist adds, it is the same mercy, the same justice as that which we know in ourselves. "Thou preservest both man and beast; how exalted is Thy mercy, O Lord; therefore the children of men take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings." That mercy which we see in the complex arrangements of the animal creation, extending down to the minutest portions of their frames—that same Divine mercy it is which we are bid to imitate. He whose soul burns with indignation against the brutal ruffian who misuses the poor, helpless, suffering horse, or dog, or ass, or bird, or worm, shares for the moment that Divine companion wrath which burns against the oppressors of the weak and defenceless everywhere. He who puts forth his hand to save from ill treatment, or add to the happiness of any of those dumb creatures, has opened his heart to that Divine compassion which our Heavenly Father has shown to the whole range of created things—which our blessed Saviour has shown to the human race, His own peculiar charge, by living and dying for us. "Be ye merciful" to dumb animals, for ye have a common nature with

them. Be ye merciful, for the worst part of the nature of brutes is to be unmerciful. Be ye merciful, for ye are raised far above them, to be their appointed lords and guardians. Be ye merciful, for ye are made in the image of him who is All-Merciful and All-Compassionate.—*Dean Stanley*.

## The Bird.

The bird, born in a much lower condition than man (oviparous, like the serpent), possesses three advantages over him, which are his special mission:—

I. *The wing, flight*, an unique power, which is the dream of man. Every other creature is slow. Compared with the falcon or swallow, the Arab horse is a snail.

II. *Flight itself* does not appertain solely to the wing, but to an incomparable power of *respiration and vision*. The bird is peculiarly the son of air and light.

III. An essentially electrical being, the bird sees, knows, and foresees earth and sky, the weather, the seasons. Whether through an intimate relation with the globe, whether through a prodigious memory of localities and routes, he is always facing eastward, and always knows his path.

He swoops; he penetrates; he attains what man shall never attain. This is evident, particularly in his marvellous war against the reptile and the insect.

Add the marvellous work of continual purification of everything dangerous and unclean, which some species accomplish. If this war and this work ceased but for one day, man would disappear from the earth.

This daily victory of the beloved son of light over death, over a murderous and tenebrous life, is the fitting theme of his *song*, of that hymn of joy with which the bird salutes each Dawn.

But besides song the bird has many other languages. Like man, he prattles, recites, converses. He and man are the only beings which have really a language. Man and the bird are the voice of the world.

The bird, with its gift of augury, is ever drawing near to man, who is ever inflicting injury upon him. He undoubtedly divines, and has a presentiment of, what he will one day become when he emerges from the barbarism in which he is now unhappily plunged.

He recognizes in him the creature unique, sanctified, and blessed, who ought to be the arbiter of

all, who should accomplish the destiny of this globe by one supreme act of good—the union of all life and the reconciliation of all beings.

This pacific union must after a time be effected by a great art of education and initiation, which man begins to comprehend.—*Michelet*.

## Love and Faithfulness.

AUGUST 23, 1856.

TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN:

"I was worn with the long stay in London, and just before I came away, I had the sorrow of losing my poor dog. One evening, he was brought home with his leg broken, and so injured by a horse having trodden on him, that, after watching him two days and two nights, I had to end his life of love to me by prussic acid. It seemed an ill return for the twelve years that he had cheered and comforted me; but they told me that he would suffer so terribly, that my selfish longings to keep him had to give way. How solitary I feel without him, no one can guess, and most people would laugh at the idea of so caring for what they call a brute animal. I learnt from him more practical lessons of truth, of love and obedience to my Master, than ever I got from any pulpit! You will not despise me for all this; indeed, if you do, I can't help it! However, that phase of my life is over."

FROM MRS. BOOK, 1856.

"I have been sorrowing sadly for Moey; and one may sorrow, so long as it is 'after a godly sort.' It is very well for people to say 'only a dog'; but if that dog has been a comfort, and done you good, its loss is likely to be as keenly felt as if it were your 'great-uncle.' Moey has made me better. How often has his love to me made me feel my own coldness and ingratitude to God! Such was the love I ought to give,—that entire dependence, that complete content, if allowed simply to be in my presence. He was an abiding sermon,—a living and a breathing one. As long as an effect is produced, it matters little by what means it takes place; and if from my dog I learned the real feeling of that passage, 'Though thou smitest me, yet will I trust in thee,' I am grateful for it. However, Moey has done his work, and is gone; but I am convinced I shall see him again, somehow. Arnold says the condition of the brute creation was a subject he could not contemplate without pain, from its mystery. This I cannot feel. I cannot believe

that all that love and faithfulness is to perish because it is instinctive; it is that which man would have felt, had he never fallen,—what we are laboring painfully and wearily to regain. The conditions, the manner in which it will be carried out, I know not, and I ask not; but my belief is fixed. All that loving faculty, that devotedness, will in some way continue in existence!"

"WEST MOLESEY, April 2, 1857.

"To F. M. S.:

"You know poor little Moey was buried here. On going out the other day, I found a little pillar, with ivy wreathed round it, and these words,—

'Not hopeless, round this calm, sepulchral spot  
A wreath, presaging life, we twine;  
If God be Love, what sleeps below, was not  
Without a spark Divine.'

"I liked them so much, that I just write them for you; but it would shock many to know that I believe them to be the simple truth."—From *"Memorials of Charlotte Williams Wynn."*

#### *Sermon in West Church, Boston.*

Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol preached at the West Church yesterday morning on the subject, "The examples set by animals," taking for his text Job xii. 7, 8: "But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee: and the fowls of the air, and they shall teach thee: or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." The speaker said that in all history there appeared to be no feeling for beasts other than to use and abuse them, and to preserve or destroy as it best suited man. The worst possible opinion man has of man is expressed by calling him a beast. Animals appear to have gained nothing in the past, except the fear of man, while we have gained immeasurably in knowledge, science, and art. There is now considerable study of animals, to learn about them, but none to learn from them. The speaker stated that in many points, such as the sense of touch, sight, and smell, animals are by far the superiors of man. He then proceeded to consider the lessons that may be learned from animals, beginning with diligence and industrial education. Solomon has well said, "Go to the ant." There is in Texas a species of the ant which is a gardener, preparing the ground, sowing the seed, and harvesting the crops. The bee and beaver are notable instances of animals which are industrious, and lay up stores for the winter months. No unpampered animal is intemperate, and the expression, "beastly drunk," is a gross libel. Animals do not quarrel, and the speaker wished that quarrelsome people actually did live more like cats and dogs. He never yet saw a dog that delighted so much to bark and bite as to love and obey his master. The dog only barks when on guard over his master's property. If occasionally an individual dies from the bite of a mad dog, the cry to exterminate the race is raised, but the speaker believed that dogs caught madness from man. With all due respect to the value of human life, he thought the race of dogs to be worth more than an occasional human life. Among other things to be learned from animals were patience, especially in suffering, a sort of natural piety, politeness, simplicity, naturalness, cleanliness, gratitude, loyalty, morality, and reverence. The speaker closed by expressing his pleasure that at last animals have found friends, and by urging the careful study of animals for the qualities which may be learned from them.—*Journal, March 11, 1878*

"MODERATION is the silken cord which runs through the pearl chain of all our virtues."—*Bishop Hall.*

THE motto of the Vienna Protection Society is—

"Protecting animals is benefiting man."

#### *Fetichism in Animals.*

Mr Herbert Spencer, in his recently published work on the "Principles of Sociology," treats of the above subject. He says: "I believe M. Comte expressed the opinion that fetichistic conceptions are formed by the higher animals." Holding, as I have given reasons for doing, that fetichism is not original, but derived, I cannot, of course, coincide in this view. Nevertheless, I think the behavior of intelligent animals elucidates the genesis of it. I have myself witnessed in dogs, two illustrative cases. One of these cases consisted in a large dog, which, while playing with a stick, accidentally thrust one end of it against his palate, when, giving a yelp, he dropped the stick, rushed to a distance from it, and betrayed a consternation which was particularly laughable in so ferocious-looking a creature. Only after cautious approaches and much hesitation was he induced again to lay hold of the stick. This behavior showed very clearly the fact that the stick, while displaying none but the properties he was familiar with, was not regarded by him as an active agent, but that when it suddenly inflicted a pain in a way never before experienced from an inanimate object, he was led for the moment to class it with animate objects, and to regard it as capable of again doing him injury. As all my experiments yielded the same results, I will only mention one. The terrier, like many other dogs, used to play with dry bones by tossing them in the air, throwing them to a distance, and generally giving them the appearance of animation, in order to give himself the ideal pleasure of worrying them. On one occasion, therefore, I tied a long and fine thread to a dry bone and gave him the latter to play with. After he had tossed it about for a short time, I took an opportunity, when it had fallen at a distance from him, and while he was following it up, of gently drawing it away from him by means of the long and invisible thread. Instantly his whole demeanor changed. The bone which he had previously pretended to be alive, now began to look as if it really were alive, and his astonishment knew no bounds. He first approached it with nervous caution, as Mr. Spencer describes, but as the slow receding motion continued, and he became quite certain that the movement could not be accounted for by any of the residuum of the force which he had himself communicated, his astonishment developed into dread, and he ran to conceal himself under some articles of furniture, there to behold at a distance the "uncanny" spectacle of a dry bone coming to life.

Now, in this and in all my other experiments, I have no doubt that the behavior of the terrier arose from his sense of the mysterious, for he was of a highly pugnacious disposition, and never hesitated to fight an animal of any size or ferocity; but, apparently, symptoms of spontaneity in an inanimate object which he knew so well, gave rise to feelings of awe and horror which quite enervated him.—*Nature.*

TWO HUMBLE HEROES.—France reckons two braves more. A fireman at Tarbes rushed among the blazing ruins of a house to save his captain and a clergyman, who were buried beneath a floor in endeavoring to rescue the inmates. The fireman remained trying to extricate the captain, but without avail, till the flesh peeled off his hands and face. He has died from his wounds, has been buried at the nation's expense, and for a month his name will be read out first on the roll-call of every regiment in the army. Jean Planter is a pointsman, and a few months ago, in endeavoring to close the gates of a crossing, he was struck down by a goods train and his arm amputated. Not a soul was within reach, and aware that an express train was due, he tied up the bleeding stump and remained at his post till a station-master, informed by the engine-driver that some accident had occurred, picked up the arm from the rail and succored the hero.—*Paris Correspondence.*

"They do not love, that do not show their love."

#### *Rabbits in New Zealand.*

It has been calculated that, from the number of times they breed, the number of their progeny, and the early age at which the young begin to reproduce their species, a pair of rabbits will multiply to the amount of 1,250,000 in the space of four years! When the exceptional advantages which they meet with in New Zealand are considered, in the absence of enemies, the sparse population of the country, and the abundance of food which they can obtain, it is not surprising that they have increased enormously.

The matter, indeed, is becoming one of very great danger to the welfare of the colony; so much so that a special commission has been appointed by the government to inquire into the subject. Without quoting an array of figures to prove the harm which has been wrought in a few short years, it may truly be said that large tracts of rich pasture land have been converted into a veritable wilderness. The sheep-farmers and cattle-raisers find their occupation is becoming impossible. The yield of wool is falling off 50 and 60 per cent in quantity, while its quality is deteriorating. The lack of food has induced many farmers, who used to kill 2,500 animals out of a stock of 16,000, to reduce their stock to a few hundreds, hardly any of which are fit to be killed. The number of lambs in proportion to the ewes kept has fallen from 65 to 70 per cent. to, in some cases, 12½ per cent.

It must not be imagined that no efforts have been made to keep down the pests. Large numbers of men and dogs are employed specially for the purpose of shooting and trapping the rabbits. In one, where scarcely a rabbit was to be seen three years ago, there are now sixteen men and one hundred and twenty dogs employed, costing the lessee twopence for each rabbit-skin brought in, and ten shillings per week for each man, besides the expense of keep and powder and shot. And the numbers killed are enormous. On this run, says the official report, the average number of rabbits killed weekly is between 4,000 and 5,000; and though 36,000 were killed in 1875, yet the report is that there is no appreciable decrease. On another run, close on 16,000 rabbits were killed during the first three months of the year 1876 at a cost of twopence a skin. On a third the expense each week averages twenty-seven pounds; and 50,000 rabbits were killed in the first four months of 1876. On a fourth run, nine men and sixty dogs, killing at the rate of 2,000 per week.—*Chambers' Journal.*

#### [For Our Dumb Animals.] *Parrots.*

Will any of the readers of our favorite paper give in its columns some method for teaching parrots to talk? I have a handsome bird of that species,—green, with yellow head, plumage beautifully varied with red and blue on the tail and wings. It objects to handling, and says nothing but "pretty Polica." I have lately obtained a parrot of great beauty, and startling intelligence. At first, Polica would not allow the little creature near her. But the art of the parrot was greater than mine, for she soon taught the timid bird to dress her teacher's feathers for her, and to submit to a return of the courtesy. She also protects the larger bird when I attempt to take it in my hands. I have taught little Polly to whisper. Like her mistress, she has strong likes and dislikes. With the courage of a lion, she attacks those she dislikes. For a new girl in the kitchen she has the greatest antipathy, chasing her about the house and seizing her feet as if to throw her down. One can but respect such intrepidity. For the piano and singing she has a great passion, and, with the greatest effort, imitates the music. The human expression of her eyes when she is interested in anything is wonderful. We could ask nothing more of Polly, but what shall we do with "Polica"? SHAWANEBEKE.

ITHACA, N. Y.



*Doings of Kindred Societies.*

## THE POUGHKEEPSIE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

A handsome pamphlet of 12 pages contains the annual report of the Poughkeepsie Society for 1877. M. Vassar, Esq., its President, says in the report, that the "Society has grown in favor," but, as elsewhere, "we want more interest by our citizens." Pleasant acknowledgment of pamphlets from our Mass. Society are made, and a kind word is said for OUR DUMB ANIMALS, which is appreciated. Prizes to school children for compositions on the proper treatment of animals are advocated, and the International Humane Society's objects are approved. The Society is congratulated upon having effected "great changes for the better in regulating the bringing of live-stock to market."

Eighty cases of abuse were investigated and corrected, 33 of which were for "using lame, sore, or disabled animals." Twenty-three animals were destroyed, of which 12 were horses.

The receipts of the Society were \$126.70; and its outlays, \$118.75. With such limited means, the Society has evidently done more than could have been expected; but our Poughkeepsie friends should remember Treasurer Reed more generously in 1878. The officers for 1878 are M. Vassar, President; Henry L. Young, Robert Sanford, and Henry A. Reed, Vice-Presidents; H. V. Pelton, Recording Secretary; Henry C. Smith, Corresponding Secretary, and Charles A. Reed, Treasurer. Special Agent, Augustus M. Quick.

## THE VICTORIA SOCIETY AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

The sixth annual report of this Society, presented Oct. 29, 1877, a pamphlet of 16 pages, is before us. The local subjects of most interest have been the appointment of an Inspector and Collector, giving two officers instead of one, as heretofore. It has a "Scholar Branch." With "the staff now secured, and the increasing support of the public, both in subscription and sympathy, there appears no reasonable ground to doubt that a career of extended usefulness and efficiency is before it."

The receipts of the Society were £271 7s. 3d.; and the expenses, £220 9s.

An express provision of the law in Victoria makes masters liable for cruelty where servants have acted under their orders, and gives magistrates the authority to proceed against one or both, as "he may see fit."

The Society has a list of five publications, the second being extracts from an address of Mr. Angell. The publications received are given, but we do not find any from our Mass. Society. Whether sent before or not, copies will be forwarded hereafter.

An alphabetical acknowledgment of all receipts is published, and also "how to proceed" in cases of "cruelty" and "accidents."

All persons witnessing acts of gross cruelty are invited to report the facts to the office of the Society; "their names being held strictly confidential," if desired.

It is most gratifying to see this proof of a living interest in behalf of the dumb creation in Melbourne.

Some of the officers are Sir W. F. Stawell, Knt., Chief Justice; Vice-Presidents, the Mayor of Melbourne and two others; Treasurer, Henri J. Hart; Secretary, J. S. Greig; Veterinary Surgeon, Graham Mitchell.

## THE CORK SOCIETY, IRELAND.

The seventh annual report of the Cork Society for 1877 makes a pamphlet of 18 pages. The work has gone on "with no less energy" during 1877, than in former years. The Society had 162 cases of cruelty; 75 were tried, and 59 convicted. It had correspondence on the subject of the suffering of cattle during transportation by rail, and obtained an order from the Board of Trade, forbidding crowding of cattle in the cars, or trucks, as they are called. A list of 27 towns visited by the officers of the Society outside of Cork is given, on which are the familiar names of Queenstown, Bantry, Killarney, and Kinsale.

The receipts for the year were £100 14s. 9½d.; and expenses, £99 19s. 10d. A list of all subscribers, with the sum given by each, is in the pamphlet.

The President is Robert Scott, Esq. It has 12 Vice-Presidents, and a committee of 10 gentlemen; a Ladies' Committee of 8. The Treasurer is George Addey, and the Secretary, J. C. Newson, 41 Patrick Street, Cork.

Several speakers called for larger funds. In a city of the size of Cork, £100 is certainly a small sum; but if the important question of "how well the Society has used the money given to it," were asked, the answer must be most favorable to its officers.

*Sagacious Scotch Terrier.*

A citizen of Chelsea is the owner of a female Scotch terrier, raised by a gentleman connected with the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The owner is addicted to the use of intoxicants, and, while on a recent visit to East Boston, accompanied by the dog, indulged in the fiery stimulant to such an extent that he was lodged in the station-house. The faithful animal followed him as far as the door, but was denied admission. She sat for a time upon the steps, whining piteously to be let in, but was driven away. Making her way homeward, she gained the presence of her mistress, and, seizing her dress in her teeth, moved toward the door. This strange action excited the lady's curiosity. She allowed herself to be led through various streets over East Boston bridge to the place of the master's confinement, who was soon released on bail. Under the new law just introduced into our Legislature, in other respects excellent, the owner of this dog will be compelled to pay an annual tax of \$10, or kill her.—*Herald.*

*Don't Like to be Laughed at.*

Mr. Darwin says: "Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at. There can be little or no doubt that this is true as to monkeys; but I never knew of a really good case among dogs, save this one, and here the signs of dislike were unequivocal. To give one instance. He used to be very fond of catching flies upon the window-panes, and if ridiculed when unsuccessful, was evidently much annoyed. On one occasion, in order to see what he would do, I purposely laughed immoderately every time he failed. It so happened that he did so several times in succession, partly, I believe, in consequence of my laughing, and eventually he became so distressed that he positively pretended to catch a fly, going through all the appropriate actions with his lips and tongue, and afterwards rubbing the ground with his neck, as if to kill the victim: he then looked up at me with a triumphant air of success. So well was the whole process simulated, that I should have been quite deceived, had I not seen that the fly was still upon the window. Accordingly, I drew his attention to this fact, as well as to the absence of anything upon the floor; and when he saw that his hypocrisy had been detected, he slunk away under some furniture, evidently very much ashamed of himself."

*The Hibernation of Swallows.*

There is an interesting communication in the "Ornithologisches Centralblatt" of May, from Herr J. Rohweder, under the head of "Ornithological Notes from Schleswig-Holstein." Herr Rohweder certifies to the competency and trustworthiness of the observer who communicated the facts to him. After the house swallows (*Hirundo urtica*) in the autumn of 1870, from the beginning to the middle of September, had held their usual assemblies by hundreds on the sunny side of the roofs, stormy and rainy cold weather suddenly supervened. As suddenly did most of the swallows take their departure for the south. The few that remained behind flew about restlessly and anxiously, unable in the cold north wind to obtain sufficient insects to appease their hunger. Within a day after the others these also disappeared. Three days after, during which time no swallow was observed, Herr Rohweder's informant saw peeping out of the entrance of some nests under the projecting roof of the east side of his house, here a wing, there a tail or a few feathers. A ladder was obtained and the nests tapped, but no motion. On pulling at one of the overhanging wings a swallow was dragged out. It was alive, but seemed paralyzed. After the swallow was held in the hand awhile it fluttered about a short space and then fell to the earth. A second bird behaved in the same way, and a third showed few signs of life. A fourth appeared quite lifeless. In other nests six and ten, and even fourteen swallows were found huddled together. Their condition was similar to those first found. The birds near the entrance of the nest appeared in a state of sound sleep, while those further in showed no signs of life. The former soon were able to fly, with difficulty, a larger or shorter round, only one flying to a considerable distance; the latter were thrown on a neighboring heap of straw. On the following day, when the observer returned, no birds were found. The exact locality of these observations is not given.—*Nature.*

*Mr. Coup's Horses.*

Crowds are flocking to see the exhibition of Mr. Coup's trained horses. These animals, ten of them, were four years ago running wild on the plains, so the story goes, and the owner has accomplished with them most wonderful results. The owner of the six trained horses that lately were exhibited here at the London Circus was very positive in his statement that horses possessed far less intelligence than other animals, and that they were only to be trained by superior skill and brute force. Few people believed this statement, however, and none who have seen these horses of Mr. Coup's can believe it. They go through their entire performance at the sound of a bugle, without bit or bridle, leaping through hoops of flame, springing over each other, seesawing on a single plank, like children at play, and doing many other surprising acts.

*Saved by a Dog.*

A case was recently reported where the family of George Davenport of Canton Mass., came near being killed by coal gas. The facts in the case were, briefly, that Mr. Davenport, on waking in the morning, felt a severe headache, and went down-stairs for something to relieve it. He was called back by his wife, who said her sister, in an adjoining room, had fainted. Davenport went back and assisted her to a bed. Meanwhile, his wife had fainted. Leaving them both in that condition, he went down-stairs for water for their resuscitation, but before he got out of the lower rooms he fainted on the kitchen floor. The next thing he knew he was being brought to by a young dog licking his face. After recovering consciousness, he carried the water up-stairs, and, by a liberal use of it, brought the ladies to their senses. As all the people in the house had fainted, it is probable that the dog's action saved the lives of the whole. The house was filled with gas.—*Herald, March 9, 1878.*

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, April, 1878.

*A New Tract.*

One of the Directors of our Society has felt the need of a collection of the good poems about animals for use at school exhibitions, and for private reading. He has undertaken to meet this, to a small extent, by this tract, and has presented the stereotype plates of it to the Society; so that its publication will not be at its cost. Of course 48 pages will not excite high expectations. If any teacher or scholar wants to see it, and will send us a two-cent stamp, a copy will be sent by mail.

Among the selections are several which have lately appeared in OUR DUMB ANIMALS, as well as the poems in this April number. It has also Bryant's "Waterfowl," Whittier's "Common Question," Wordsworth's and Shelley's "Skylark," Scott's "Helvellyn," Mrs. Norton's "King of Denmark's Ride," "The Cid and Bavioca," from Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, "Llewellyn," and others. We ask members to send, or call, for copies. As this is marked No. 1, others may be hoped for, if there is a demand for more. Next to the songs of a nation in influencing hearts, are the harmonious numbers of heaven-born poets, which, unassociated with notes, cling to our memories, and best express our highest thoughts.

**AMENDMENTS TO THE DOG-LAW.**—The report of the Committee on Agriculture has been made. It provides that the same provisions of the old law, which gave damages to owners for injuries to other domestic animals by dogs, shall apply to injuries done by dogs to persons or property, when not on the premises of their owner.

The charge for a license by section 2d is, for one male dog two dollars, and for every additional dog five dollars, and for every female dog ten dollars. We have yet to hear any sufficient reason for doubling the price for the latter. Section 3 provides pounds for dogs seized, where they may be kept three days, and from which their owners may redeem them on the payment of two dollars. This is an excellent provision.

The Committee on Agriculture deserve honorable mention for their patient listening and humane intentions.

**THE CATTLE TRANSPORTATION BILL** is yet before the Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington. Much light has been obtained upon the questions involved. Our societies have appeared by several strong representative men, and the attorneys of powerful adverse interests have also been heard. We shall look with great interest for the committee's report, and shall hope to give the substance of it. In the meantime, we ask attention to Mr. Angell's account of the "Ring," which Mr. Rusling has testified to. Whatever may become of the law, this discussion will help the cause, by awakening public attention, more and more, to the present atrocities of the traffic.

NEW societies for the protection of animals have been formed in Milan, Italy. A society exists at Gustrow, Mecklenberg, which has not been on our former list.

*High Price of Meat in Boston—A Ring.*

The humane societies of the country are trying to obtain the passage of a law by Congress, that cattle, sheep, and other animals, transported on cars, shall be unloaded, fed, watered, and rested every twenty-four hours, unless carried on cars on which they have food, water, and rest.

The effect of such a law as that proposed, would be to save the lives of thousands of animals that now die on the cars; to save an immense shrinkage in weight; and to make the meats sold in our markets more nutritious and wholesome. The Massachusetts Society had, last month, through its President, two hearings before the Committee on Agriculture, at Washington. But now comes a powerful opposition to the bill, in the form of a "Live-Stock Ring." Mr. J. F. Rusling of Tioga County, Penn., testifies before the Committee, that the Receiver of the Erie Railroad Company has paid that "Ring" about \$400,000; that the "Ring" controls almost the entire transportation of live-stock from the West to the East; that it receives, as tribute-money from the railroads, fifteen dollars per car, no matter by whom the animals are shipped; that the profits from this source alone amounted to a million dollars annually; that animals are permitted to stop only at stock-yards owned by the "Ring"; that at those stock-yards, in Chicago, hay costing \$8 a ton is sold at \$30; in Pittsburg, costing \$10 a ton, is sold at \$35; and in New York, costing \$14 a ton, is sold at \$50. These statements he offers to prove by proper evidence. This "Ring" opposes the use of all cars in which animals can be carried without stopping to rest them, and threatens to withdraw the business controlled by it from every road which shall permit such cars to be used. And so animals starve, die, and shrink, and meat is made expensive and unwholesome.

The practical effect is worse, and less humane, according to this evidence, *than if the "Ring" should simply employ men armed with loaded rifles to stop every cattle-train and levy a tax amounting, in the aggregate, to millions, to be added to the prices of meats.* The remedy is, a public opinion sufficiently strong to influence Congress, break the "Ring," and secure the enactment and enforcement of humane and judicious laws.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

*Long-Distance Trotting.*

We should be glad to see a revival of the long-distance trotting races, or matches, that were popular upon the trotting turf years ago. These are the tests that try the bottom, pluck, and energy, as well as the speed of the trotting-horse. The ability to "stay the distance" is what gives a horse value on the road. One is never content with a horse that can simply go a mile at break-neck speed, and must then be brought to a stand-still until he has recovered his wind. A notch or two less of speed would not be missed, provided the horse show himself able to keep up the pace for two, three, or five miles. A revival of such contests as gave fame to Ripton, Princess, Silas Rich, Lady Suffolk, Lady Moscow, Capt. Macgowan, Jack Rossiter, Flora Temple, Gipsev Queen, Confidence, Pelham, John Stewart, Dutchman, Columbus, George M. Patchen, and, more recently, to Huntress, would go far towards reviving any flagging interest that may have become apparent in our modern trotting turf, and would be hailed with enthusiasm by horsemen from one end of the country to the other.

It is inexplicable to us that our leading trotting associations fail to appreciate this fact. The stereotyped "mile heats, three in five," have grown stale, and cease to draw as they once did. Let us have a revival of the *mighty struggles* which are decided by the *speed and bottom* of the horse, rather than by the skill of the driver in scoring, or a slight advantage in the "send off."—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

We take the above from the March "Live-Stock Journal," and would simply add, that in one of these "*mighty struggles*," which occurred just prior to the formation of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," two of the best horses of the State were driven to death; and, there being *then* no law to reach the case, their brutal drivers went unpunished. For such an offence the law now provides a penalty of two hundred and fifty dollars' fine, and a year's imprisonment. G. T. A.

*The regular monthly meeting of the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for March* was held at 96 Tremont Street, on Wednesday, March 20, 1878, at 11 o'clock. Present: Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Wigglesworth, Miss Lyman, Mrs. Isigi, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Newhall, and Messrs. Angell, Noyes, Heywood, Sawyer, Taft, and Firth. President Angell in the chair.

The record of February meeting was read and approved. Also, the receipts and expenses from February 1 to March 15, the latter date being the close of the financial year, which were referred to the Finance Committee.

The Secretary reported the investment of Mr. Dexter's bequest in a bond of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. A circular of the President and Secretary upon the bleeding of calves, and which has appeared in many newspapers, was approved by the Directors.

A nominating committee for officers in 1878, and upon the annual meeting and report, was, on motion, appointed by the President, consisting of Mr. Sawyer, Mrs. Appleton, and Mrs. Johnson.

A new tract of "Selections of Poems for school exhibitions and private reading," was offered without expense to the Society, and, after some discussion and changes, was unanimously accepted, and a vote of thanks passed to the donor.

Mr. Angell gave a brief and interesting account of his visit to Washington to secure a new law on the subject of cattle transportation.

The President presented and read a letter from a son of Mr. L. Skinner, in regard to a recent prosecution of the father by the Society, which, after some discussion, was referred to a committee of five for consideration, with full power.

"BITS AND BEARING-REINS," and "HORSES AND HARNESS," are the titles of a very handsome pamphlet of 55 pages, by the well-known and indefatigable worker in our cause, Mr. E. F. Flower, whose portrait adds to the interest and value of the publication. It is finely illustrated. Mr. F. has been among horses all his life, and does not despair of living long enough to have engraved on his tombstone, "He was one of those men who caused the bearing-rein to be abolished." May it be long before he needs other memorial than he already has. As Cassell, Petter & Galpin are the publishers, friends can get copies through their booksellers in any part of the world.



**The Bleeding of Calves to Whiten the Meat.**OFFICE OF MASS. SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, MAY 12, 1878.

This Society has, for some years, been trying to break up a practice unheard of, so far as we are aware, in Continental Europe; not practised in many parts of this country, cruel to the animals, and injurious to the meat; viz., "*The bleeding of calves before they are killed.*" They are now bled in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont; somewhat, we fear, in Massachusetts, and sometimes they are bled *several times* before they are killed. They are then sent to Boston and other markets through the State. The veal brings a slightly higher price because of its *unnatural* whiteness, caused by the withdrawal of the blood while the poor creatures are still living. So long as butchers out of the State bleed, and buyers pay a higher price for such meat, many butchers here find it for their interest to deal in it, and urge this as a reason for doing so. The unwholesomeness of this meat is well established. There is no more reason why a calf should be bled than a lamb, or any other creature. This Society has no control beyond Massachusetts, nor can it hope to detect, prove, and punish one case in a hundred occurring here. The only adequate remedy is, the avoidance of this meat by buyers. And the Society in behalf of these abused animals, which no humane person can see unmoved, most earnestly asks all who buy veal, to buy only that which they are well persuaded was not bled before killing, and so aid in abolishing this cruelty. For the Society,

G. T. ANGELL, *President.*A. FIRTH, *Secretary.*

Our friends will please get the above circular into their local papers, if it has not already appeared there.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

**Giudice.**

In "Sketches in Italy and Greece," Mr. John A. Symonds tells a good deal about Giudice, one of the Corsican heroes of the thirteenth century, who was a Spartan in his pitiless administration of justice, and has left behind him a reputation of almost savage cruelty to human beings. Yet to dumb animals he showed a strange tenderness, united with his exact justice. Once, as he was passing by a cowherd's cottage, he heard some young calves bleating. On inquiring what distressed them, he was told that the calves had not enough milk to drink after the farm-people had been served. Then Giudice made it a law that the calves throughout the land should take their fill before the cows were milked. G.

A VALUED CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the want of *guide-boards* in many parts of the State. For want of them horses are often driven many unnecessary miles. A town is named where seventy have been put up through the energetic pleadings and prayers of one lady. Will not others go and do likewise?

SEVERAL valuable communications are left for future use. We thank our friends for them, regretting only limited space.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING occurs in the last week in March, too late for this April paper. The May number will have to tell of it, and give the substance of its reports.

**The Dog Question—Cæsar's Point of View.**

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Mr. Angell's communication this morning (February 8) attracted my attention, and I read it aloud as I sat at table alone, except for the society of my dog Cæsar. I always read the paper to my dog, because I think he enjoys a great deal of it, is improved by it, and if he does not understand any particular point, it is probably because it is beneath his comprehension.

At last, "Master," said he, "there is one point which I, as a dog, would like to have dwelt upon with rather more emphasis than is usual; and that is, the moral relation of dogs to their masters, and so to the community. The motto of dogs has always been, 'Example is better than precept'; therefore we take care that there shall always be abundant examples of patience, forgiveness, fidelity, good sense and disinterested affection among us, even when we can scarcely find a solitary instance of those virtues among men themselves. Do men so far disbelieve their own doctrines as to suppose that the daily contemplation of those virtues has no effect upon the hearts of men? Do they not remember that thousands of children have no example of virtue before their eyes, except such as their dog furnishes? There are hundreds of men in this very community in whom human affection and aspiration are well nigh blotted out. Such men often own and *love* a dog. They love nothing human; they do not believe in virtue or affection. The last spark of divinity would be lost but for the mutual regard and confidence between man and beast. When you take from a poor vagabond his dog, you may be putting your foot on the last slight link that binds him to humanity. Is it impossible that a human soul should become regenerated through the love and devotion of a dog? Do not make such a mistake, master. Patience, courage, devotion, affection, never belie themselves, never exist in vain. You put up statues to heroes in order to teach the people. It does not look like height of wisdom to destroy the living incarnation of those very qualities you wish men to acquire."

This was a pretty long speech for a dog, and Cæsar panted a bit when it was ended; then he resumed,—

"I will tell you," said he, "what we dogs consider to be our mission. It is to show to men those qualities of their nature that are worthy to live forever; to be silent witnesses to the beauty and performance of disinterested affection."

"Truly," said I, "it does behoove men to be careful how they destroy the possible source of any moral influence. I am not bold enough to say that the virtues may not come to be the exclusive possession of the dogs. It looks a little like it now."

"If that is ever the case, master," said Cæsar, "be sure that we shall guard them faithfully, and gladly devote them to the service of our masters, whom we shall ever honor and love."

"Give me your paw, Cæsar," said I. "You are a gentleman and a Christian."

And so the matter ended.

O. M.

**Attempt to enter a Bank Building at Beverly Defeated by a Dog.**

A bold attempt was made on Friday night, or early Saturday morning, to enter the Masonic building, in which is the Beverly, Mass., National Bank, and it is believed that a bank robbery was foiled by the watchful vigilance of a dog, which, by a fortunate chance, happened to be on the premises. By a singular coincidence, on Friday evening Mr. Peter Hoogerziel, an expressman, was in Mr. C. L. Burnham's store in the bank building, accompanied by his dog, and requested Mr. Burnham to chain the animal up in his store over-night, as the dog persisted in following him against his wish. Mr. Burnham assented to the arrangement, and the dog was left in the store. It is supposed that the burglars were frightened away by his persistent barking, evidently thinking him to be in the entry awaiting them.

**Cases Investigated by Office Agents in February.**

Whole number of complaints, 139; viz., Beating, 15; overloading and overworking, 11; driving when lame and galled, 33; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 21; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 10; defective streets, 2; general cruelty, 39. Remedied without prosecution, 56; warnings issued, 43; not substantiated, 29; not found, 5; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 5; pending, 1.

Animals killed, 27; temporarily taken from work, 33.

**Fines.**

Municipal Court.—Boston, one cent.

Witness fees, \$4.80.

**Cases Investigated by Office Agents, from March 1 to March 16.**

Whole number of complaints, 52; viz., Beating, 5; over-driving, 2; driving when lame and galled, 13; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 8; torturing, 1; driving when diseased, 7; general cruelty, 16.

Remedied without prosecution, 11; warnings issued, 19; not substantiated, 15; not found, 1; prosecuted, 3; convicted, 2; pending, 1; under investigation, 3.

Animals killed, 6; temporarily taken from work, 8.

**Fines.**

Municipal Court.—Boston (three cases), \$70; Brighton District, one cent.

Witness fees, \$7.80.

**Hydrophobic Insanity.**

A very remarkable and instructive case is published in the "Lancet" of Sept. 22, last past, which is well deserving of the most attentive consideration and reflection.

In November last, a Mr. L. had a dog which became suddenly ill, and so irritable that its owner was suspicious of madness. On the 13th of that month Mr. L. called to say that the dog had bitten his son, a boy of 13. On the 31st of December Mr. L. again called, when he told the Doctor that the dog had bitten himself on the right side of his forehead, November 13: that no blood was drawn, nor the skin broken; but a deep "dent" was made on the surface. "On examination," says Dr. Norris, "I could not detect the vestige of a scar."

As days went on, symptoms that are commonly associated with hydrophobia increased. "He was very thirsty, and wanted to drink some liquid, but could only get it down in very small quantities. Even these produced such spasmodic effects that he would not persevere in attempting to swallow them. There also appeared to be very great tenderness, or rather painful sensitiveness, over the whole scalp. He likewise shrunk from and complained in a very irritable manner of the smallest draught, or the slightest breath of cold, or even moving air." These very characteristic symptoms, accompanied by great excitement and maniacal raving, continued, until on the seventh day of his illness, he expired from the effects of exhaustion.

Now, suppose this man had really been bitten, which it is certain he never was, even so slightly as to produce "a dent,"—and that blood had flowed from the wound, we should have this case quoted as, beyond all question, one of true hydrophobia; to which we may add, that the boy who was bitten is alive and well.—*Home Chronicler.*

[Correspondence.]

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. March 4, 1878.

GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Dr. William G. Breck of Springfield, and Dr. Willard Parker and Dr. William Clark of New York, says that "hydrophobia is one of the rarest of all known diseases, so rare that it is fairly an open question if it exists at all."

Yours truly,

E. H. LATHROP

Mr. Lathrop is President of the Rod and Gun Club. Dr. Breck is one of the most eminent of his profession in Western Massachusetts, and Drs. Willard Parker and William Clark are at the head of their profession in New York City.

G. T. A.

THE Brussels Society "Bulletin" mentions the establishment of a Dog's Shelter and Pound at the Hague.

## Children's Department.

## Thoreau and His Companions at Walden Pond.

"The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time, and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

"A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away; and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs, that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whirr of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a *dishabille*, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterwards. They are not callow, like the young of most birds, but more fully developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield such another gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.—*Thoreau's Life, by Page.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.—A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours. TILLOTSON.

## Lost—Three Little Robins.

Oh, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,  
And carried my three little birdies away?

They hardly were dressed,  
When he took from the nest  
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,  
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little robins away?

He had light-colored hair,  
And his feet were both bare.  
Ah me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray:  
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little birdies away?

He had pretty blue eyes,  
And was small of his size.  
Ah! he must be wicked and not very wise.

O bees! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay;  
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,  
And carrying three little birdies away?

Did he go through the town,  
Or go sneaking around?  
Through hedges and byways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!  
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,  
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;

I'll sing all day long  
My merriest song,  
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me—  
How happy we were on the old apple-tree,  
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?

Oh, how can I sing,  
Unless he will bring  
My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?

AUNT CLARA, IN "SONGS FOR OUR DARLINGS."

SMALL COURTESIES.—Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance: A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of \$20,000 and a comfortable house left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage. A gentleman known to the writer once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid-day, when the city is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays, and other ponderous vehicles. When the old gentleman had got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend, and there the matter rested. Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of \$5,000 and a gold watch and chain had been left to him by a gentleman, who "took the opportunity of again thanking him for an act of unlooked-for civility."

A MATHEMATICAL DOG has been discovered by a correspondent of the "London Spectator." This cultured canine began by displaying a fancy for playing with coins, not unusual among terriers, and he advanced to a discovery that he could exchange the coin for biscuits. He learnt that for a halfpenny he could get two biscuits, and for a penny three; and having become able to distinguish between the two coins, it was found impossible to cheat him. If he had contributed a penny, he would not leave the bar till he had had his third biscuit; and if there was nobody to attend to his wants, he kept the coin in his mouth till he could be served. Indeed, it was this persistence which ultimately caused poor Prin's death, for there is every reason to fear that he fell a victim to copper poisoning. By a little training, he was taught to place the coins, after he had got the biscuits, upon the top of a small box fixed on the wall, and they

were dropped for him through a slot. He never objected to part with them in this way, and having received the *quid pro quo*, he gave complete evidence of his appreciation of the honorable understanding which is so absolutely necessary for all commercial transactions.

## Tom.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew,  
Just listen to this:—

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,  
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view,  
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire  
That crept along, crept along, higher and higher,  
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see  
The shining? He must have come there after me,  
Toddled alone from the cottage without

Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—  
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,  
Save little Robin!" Again and again  
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall,  
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,  
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!  
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."  
They could not see him, but I could. He sat  
Still on a beam, his little straw hat  
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes

Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,  
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.  
The roar of the fire up above must have kept  
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name  
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came  
Again and again. O God, what a cry!  
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly  
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat  
That scorched them, — when, suddenly, there at their feet,  
The great beams leaned in — they saw him — then, crash,  
Down came the wall! The men made a dash, —  
Jumped to get out of the way, — and I thought,

"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought  
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide  
The sight of the child there, — when swift, at my side,  
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,  
Straight as a dart — caught the child — and then came  
Back with him, choking and crying, but — saved!  
Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,  
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all  
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall  
Where I was lying, away from the fire,  
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you'd admire  
To see Robin now: he's as bright as a dime,  
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.  
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true  
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?  
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!  
And there comes Tom too —

Yes, Tom was our dog.  
CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

A CRUEL boy tied a live hornet's nest to a dog's tail, but as the dog came to the boy for comfort, and rubbed against his legs, and followed him wherever he went, and professed great attachment for him, there was no need of calling on the humane society to punish the lad for the deed.

THAT toads will eat bees, will seem to be clearly proved by the observations of M. Brunet. As the bees of a hive were crowding in to escape from a rain-storm, some of them rested on the grass in the vicinity, waiting their turn to enter. M Brunet saw a toad busy in devouring these bees. He carried the toad again and again to a distance of from thirty to fifty metres from the hive, but sooner or later the animal was at his post again, greedily devouring the bees.



[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]  
*The Intelligence and Courage of a Dog.*

We have received the following authentic anecdote:—

Recently three young girls of Fribourg, sisters, industrious tradeswomen, were going very early in the morning to the fair at Morat. They had dispatched their merchandise by the railroad, and, for economy, they travelled along the old highway on foot. When they had almost reached the woods of the Red Chapel, they were accosted by an individual, who asked them what o'clock it was. On their replying that they had no watches, he allowed them to continue on their way, whilst he threw himself into the woods and disappeared from their sight. The travellers, then, to shorten their route, entered upon the hollow road which skirts the woods and rejoins the new road a little farther on. Scarcely had they walked a few steps along this path, when suddenly, to their great terror, they found themselves once again in the presence of the ill-favored stranger, who this time barred their passage, saying, "Now I have you, you won't escape me." At the same time roughly seizing one of them, he began to search her clothing, for the purpose of robbing her. Her young and helpless sisters defended her as well as they could, and screamed and called for help. But the spot where this little drama was enacted was quite far from any habitation, and the girls were almost overpowered by the violence of the brigand, when they saw bounding along the road a large farm-dog, who was hastening to their assistance. The valiant deliverer threw himself on the evil-doer, and by biting him, made him loose his hold. The travellers ran off as fast as their legs could carry them, and took the road back to the town, which they reached in time to take the train for Morat. One cannot sufficiently admire the instinct of the noble animal, who doubtless had heard the cries of distress uttered by the girls so wantonly attacked, and hastened to their assistance.—*From the November Report of the Paris Society.*

## A Dog Story.

Speaking with a friend on the sagacity of dogs, it came to my mind, that when I was a young woman, my father had a dog named "Nep," of the Newfoundland breed, that was very intelligent, and would take great care of his master's property. My father then lived in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on a farm. If the cattle broke into a field it was only needful to call "Nep," and, point towards them, when he would run like the wind and never come back until the last of the cattle had departed; then he would come to his master, bark and look in his face as though he wished to say, "All the cows are out of the field."

In those days the farmers hauled their grain to market over the mountains in their wagons, usually to Easton, then came to Philadelphia for a load of "store goods." On one of these journeys, in passing through a roadside spring of water, the bucket that was hung to the wagon fell off and was not missed; neither was "Nep" thought about for some time. As soon as he was missed, his master whistled for him, and waited some time for him to come. At last "Nep" appeared carrying the bucket by the handle, with considerable water in it. He was so pleased when his master took the bucket from him and praised him.

On this same journey, when about ten miles from Philadelphia, my father took one of the horses to ride into the city, by way of saving time, and "Nep" followed his master, who rather sharply told him to go back and stay with the wagon. My brother was in the wagon, and not seeing the dog, concluded he had followed his master to the city; but on arriving both father and son were very much surprised that the dog was with neither of them. They loaded the wagon and returned homeward, but could hear nothing of "Nep."

The journey took nearly six days to accomplish, and they thought to find "Nep" at home, but no one there had seen or heard of him. In a day or

two a friend called and told my father that the dog had come to his house on a certain day, so exhausted that they thought he would die, but food and rest had restored him. His master sent a young lad, his son, to bring the dog home; but the dog refused to go with him, and stayed until my father went himself and petted and caressed him and told him he was not angry with him. The dog's feelings were evidently hurt by what he took for an uncalled-for rebuke from his master. Is there not something higher than mere instinct denoted in this incident? and are not brutes deserving of more kindness and consideration than they commonly receive?—*The Guide.*

## [For Our Dumb Animals.] A True Story of a Dog.

Some years since, there resided in the town of A., Mr. H., who owned a large dog, which probably saved his master's family from robbery. The plate and silver belonging to them had been deposited in a bank, but on the marriage of a daughter, it was taken out for the wedding entertainment, which took place too late in the day for the silver to be returned ere the bank closed. It was placed in the chamber of the gentleman that night. When Mr. H. was closing the house, the dog, although accustomed to sleeping out of the house, looked so wistfully in his face, and, the night being inclement, he was allowed to remain, and he slept at the chamber door. In the night, the family were roused by the loud barking of the dog, and by his bounding down stairs after a man, who escaped through an open rear door, and over the yard fence. Some articles were found collected together ready to be taken away, also a bar of iron on the stairs, dropped by the thief when the dog pursued him.

Does not the conduct of this noble creature furnish another reason to love and respect "Our Dumb Animals"? VIRGINIA.

THE Sulist dog is one of the largest breeds known. In the war between the Austrians and the Turks, the Moslem soldiers employed many to guard the outposts, and a great many were captured by the Imperial forces in the course of the campaign. One of these was presented to the King of Naples, and was reputed to be the largest dog in the world, being little less than four feet high at the shoulder. Colonel Smith saw one at Brussels, marching at the head of the regiment of Clairfait, and another at that of Bender, both little inferior to Shetland ponies.—*Dogs and Their Ways.*

## A Faithful Dog.

A strange scene occurred the other day at Sierok, on the Moselle. Herr Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The animal sank at once; but during his struggles the rope slipped off the stone, and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, however, continued to push him back, but as the dog persevered, he lost his patience, and striking at him with his oar, lost his footing, and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by his coat, succeeded in bringing him to land, after having been repeatedly washed away by the current. The dog's life was spared, we are happy to say.—*Home Chronicle.*

GREENLAND DOGS.—Two of these dogs can drag as much as one man. Nothing can be more exhilarating than dog-sledding in the Arctic regions on a fine day. The rattling pace of these dogs, their intelligence in choosing the road through the broken ice, the strict obedience paid by the team to one powerful dog whom they elect as leader, the arbitrary exercise of authority by the master dog, and the running conversation kept up by the driver with the different dogs, who well know their names, afford constant enjoyment.

## New Laws of Massachusetts and New York in regard to Glanders, &c. MASSACHUSETTS.

TO PREVENT THE SPREADING OF CONTAGIOUS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES AMONG DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:*

SECT. 1. The selectmen of towns, the mayor and aldermen of cities, and the cattle commissioners of this Commonwealth, shall have, and may exercise, the powers, and shall be subject to the duties, for the prevention of the diseases known as farcy or glanders among horses, asses, and mules, and for the prevention of contagious and infectious diseases among domestic animals, that are now conferred or imposed upon them by the laws relating to the prevention of contagious diseases among cattle.

SECT. 2. The penalties imposed by chapter two hundred and nineteen of the acts of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, entitled "An Act concerning contagious diseases among cattle," are hereby made applicable to any violation of law relating to the diseases in horses, asses, and mules, known as farcy, or glanders, or relating to contagious or infectious diseases in domestic animals.

SECT. 3. The cattle commissioners of this Commonwealth shall have power to select, when in their judgment it shall be necessary, such person or persons as they think competent to examine cases of supposed contagion and infection among domestic animals; and shall allow such person or persons a reasonable compensation for his or their services, the same to be paid by the Commonwealth.—*Chapter 24, of laws of 1878.*

## NEW YORK.

RELATING TO DISEASED ANIMALS.

*The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:*

SECT. 1. Any person who shall knowingly sell, or offer for sale, or use, or expose, or who shall cause, or procure to be sold, or offered for sale, or used, or to be exposed, any horse or other animal having the disease known as glanders, or farcy, or any other contagious or infectious disease, by such person known to be dangerous to human life, or which shall be diseased past recovery, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SECT. 2. Every animal having glanders, or farcy, shall at once be deprived of life by the owner, or person having charge thereof, upon discovery or knowledge of its condition; and any such owner or person omitting or refusing to comply with the provisions of this section, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SECT. 3. This Act shall take effect immediately.—*Passed February 23, 1878.*

A Dog bill has unanimously passed the Virginia assembly which allows owners to value their dogs at \$100, and to pay to the commissioner the tax on that amount, which is \$1 for the first dog, and fifty cents for all others. After the dog is so listed for taxation, he becomes as much personal property as a cow or a horse. No one is compelled to pay the tax; it is purely voluntary. It will have the effect of stopping the stealing of valuable dogs, and a stolen dog will be as rare as a stolen horse. This tax will place some thousand dollars in the State treasury.—*Advertiser.*

At Somerset, Mass., on Sunday evening, six well-dressed tramps refused quarters at the almshouse because the superintendent declined to build a fire and supply them with extra blankets, and they left for Fall River in disgust. One of the same fraternity stopped where only the lady was at home, and demanded better food than she gave him, telling her he knew there was no man about. She then told him that she had something that would answer for the present, and started to loose the well-trained dog, when the tramp left.—*Journal, March 15, 1878.*

## On Thee Each Living Soul Awaits.

From "Haydn's Creation."

GABRIEL.

On thee each li - ving soul a - waits; From thee, O Lord, all seek their food; Thou

URIEL.

o - pen-est thy hand, Thou o - penest thy hand, And fill - est, and fill - est all... with good; on thee, on

thee each living soul awaits; From thee, O Lord, all seek their food; Thou openest thy hand, And fill - est, and fill - est all... with good;

## Why Not Do It, Sir, To-day?

"Why, so I will, you noisy bird,  
This very day I'll advertise you,  
Perhaps some busy ones may prize you.  
A fine-tongued parrot as was ever heard,  
I'll word it thus—set forth all charms about you,  
And say no family should be without you."

Thus far a gentleman addressed a bird;  
Then to his friend: "An old procrastinator,  
Sir, I am: do you wonder that I hate her?  
Though she but seven words can say,  
Twenty and twenty times a day  
She interferes with all my dreams,  
My projects, plans, and airy schemes,  
Mocking my foible to my sorrow:  
I'll advertise this bird to-morrow."

To this the bird seven words did say:  
"Why not do it, sir, to-day?"

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

"You may depend upon it that he is a good  
man whose most intimate friends are all good."

LAVATER.

## Topics of Conversation.

William and Caroline found plenty to talk about: they had a dozen topics in common; interesting to them, unimportant to the rest of the world. They took a similar interest in animals, birds, insects, and plants: they held similar doctrines about humanity to the lower creation; and had a similar turn for minute observation on points of natural history. The nest and proceedings of some ground-bees, which had burrowed in the turf under an old cherry-tree, was one subject of interest: the haunts of certain pearly eggs and callow fledglings, another.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

## The Kulaki, or Fists!

As very many branches of industry and commerce are still in their infancy in Russia, it often happens that some enterprising trader acquires, practically, a monopoly, and uses his influence in reckless fashion. Not a few industrial villages have thus fallen under the power of the *Kulaki*,—literally Fists,—as these monopolists are called. By advancing money, the *Kulaki* may succeed in acquiring over a group of villages a power almost as unlimited as that of the proprietor in the time of serfage.—*Wallace's Russia.*

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